

and

**WESTERN ADVENTURES**

# **TIM HOLT**



MAY

10c

**COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES**



In This Issue:

**Gunslinger's Chance  
The Stolen Town**

**Plus  
The Calico Kid**





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**FLYING MOUNT!** Tim Holt vaults into Lightning's saddle to start a swift pursuit of bandits, in the picture, "Gun Runners."

## TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



**GUNPLAY** is about to begin as Tim stands in a handy doorway. Scene is from RKO's "Outlaw Valley," a Holt starrer.



**TRAPPED!** A pair of masked bandits stick up Tim's stagecoach, in a scene from "The Stagecoach Kid." Go see it!





TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

THE WESTERN GUNMAN WAS A BREED APART FROM OTHER MEN. ALWAYS HE WORE TWO GUNS, THE HOLSTERS LOWSLUNG AND TIED TO HIS THIGHS FOR A QUICK DRAW. HE SOLD HIS GUNS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER IN RANGE WAR, CATTLEMAN AND SHEEPMAN FEUD, OR TO WHOEVER WOULD PAY HIM MONEY. SUCH A MAN WAS BUCK OBERON. BUT WHEN BUCK MET MILLY CARTER OF THE LONG 4 RANCH, HE WANTED TO CHANGE HIS WAY OF LIFE —

AND BUCK FOUND THAT, EVEN WITH THE HELP OF TIM HOLT AND HIS SIDEKICK CHITO, IT WAS A LONG, HARD PULL FOR A MAN WHO DARES NOT TAKE A —

## GUNSLINGER'S CHANCE!



A GIRL'S SOBS BRING A WORRIED FROWN TO BUCK OBERON. HE LISTENS TO HER WORDS, AND THERE IS COLD FEAR IN HIS HEART...

—SOB—DADDY SAID YOU WERE A GUNFIGHTER, BUCK. HE FORBIDS ME TO SEE YOU ANY MORE—

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN I WAS FOLLOWIN' A FOOL'S DREAM!

YUH CAN'T TURN BACK ONCE YUH'VE GOT THE GUNMAN'S NAME. HONEST MEN ARE SCARED OF YUH, AN' BAD ONES ARE ALWAYS TRYIN' TO SHOOT YUH TO GET A REP!





# TIM HOLT



THERE HE GOES NOW!

I GOT A BEAD ON HIM. RELAX. WILL YUH?



A SHORT, CRISP SHOT RINGS OUT ABOVE THE CACTUS THORNS---

CHITO, HOLD UP! THAT WAS A RIFLE SHOT!

EES COULD BE THOSE GO-50-FAST HOMBRES ARE RUN FOR GUILTY CONSCIENCE, EH?

THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, CHITO. ON THOSE FLAT LAVA STRETCHES, THEIR HORSES WON'T LEAVE ANY PRINTS. BUT MAYBE WE CAN STOP THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE ROCKS. FASTER, LIGHTNING!

LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE, THE LARIAT UNCOILS! IT LOOPS DOWN AROUND AN UPTHURST ROCK, TONGUE STRETCHES TAUT!



LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOIN' TO HIT THAT ROPE!



EEEAGGGH!

GNNNGGG!

EASE UP, LIGHTNING! WE'VE CAUGHT OUR MAVERICKS!



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

AN HOUR AFTER SUN-UP ON BUCK OBERON'S HORSE RANCH ---

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR SUCCESS WITH BRONCS, BUCK. THAT'S WHY CHITO AND I RODE HERE. I NEED GOOD SADDLE-HORSES FOR MY T-H SPREAD.

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT A CAVVY, THEN.

THEY LOOK FAST, BUCK. YOU DID A GOOD JOB WITH THAT GIFT FOR PICKING GOOD HORSEFLESH, THEN GENTLING THEM. YOU'LL GO FAR. REMEMBER, A GUNMAN'S ROAD MAY BE A ROAD OF NO RETURN ---

— BUT IT HAS BRANCH-OFF ROADS! YOU CAN'T GO BACK ON IT, BUT YOU CAN TURN OFF — TO A FULL LIFE THAT'S HONEST AND RESPECTABLE!

EVEN AS TIM SPEAKS, HOOFBEATS SHAKE THE GROUND AHEAD ---

SLIM SAID TO SHOOT ALL OBERON'S HORSES!

SOMEONE'S FIRIN' UP BEYOND THAT BUTTE! THAT'S WHERE MY SADDLERS ARE!

LET'S KITE, CHITO! GET READY FOR ACTION!

WITH THE IMPACT OF THE AVALANCHE, TIM SLAMS INTO THE FIDDLEFOOT GUNSLINGERS ---

LOWDOWN HORSEKILLERS! SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!

GNNNGGG!



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

AT THAT MOMENT, A RAGING SLIM SALLOW SHARLS AT HIS HIRED GUNMEN --

YUH IDJITS! YUH MEAN TO SAY YUH LET OBERON THROW YUH OFF HIS LAND? ONE MAN?

TWO RANNIES WAS SIDIN' HIM, SLIM. FELL ON US LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!

RECKON I GOT TO DO THIS JOB MYSELF! THIS RANGE IS TOO SMALL FOR ME AN' BUCK OBERON. WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY, MILLY WILL MARRY ME -- AN' THE FIDDLE-FOOT AN' LONG + RANCHES WILL BOTH BE MINE!

LATER, MILES OUT ON THE RANGE, SLIM SALLOW PULLS IN HIS GELDING --

TARNATION! IT'S JEB DUTTON! JEB -- ARE YUH ALL RIGHT?

RECKON SO, SLIM --

-- BUT I OVERHEARD SHERIFF SANDERS SAY HE'S GOIN' TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT FOR YUH, SLIM. ONE OR TWO OF THE BOYS TALKED!

BLAST 'EM! I DON'T WANT NO TANGLE WITH THE LAW! RECKON THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! COME ON!

OUT ACROSS THE SUNBAKED PLAINS, TIM AND THE SHERIFF RIDE STIRRUP TO STIRRUP --

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON SALLOW FOR A LONG TIME. NEVER HAD ANY PROOF BEFORE.

A RIFLE CRACKS SHARPLY IN THE MID-DAY SILENCE --

WHA-?

UGGH!

ON A CLIFF HIGH ABOVE THE FLATS, SLIM SALLOW LAUGHS CRUELY --

HA! HA! RECKON NOW SANDERS WON'T SWEAR OUT THAT WARRANT. AN' BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE CAN TAKE HIS PLACE -- I'M GOIN' TO APPOINT MY OWN SHERIFF! I'LL GIT OBERON YET!



# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

**N**EXT MORNING, A FEW HOURS AFTER DAWN—



I'M TIM HOLT—AND I WANT TO  
TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND  
THIS RANGE. ONE OF SLIM  
SALLOW'S GUNMEN KILLED  
SHERIFF SANDERS...

OHHHH!



FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, AS  
MILLY GASPS IN FEAR AND  
CRIES OUT IN INDIGNATION, TIM  
EXPLAINS WHAT HAS OCCURRED.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!  
YUH CAN'T TELL ME  
SLIM SALLOW IS A  
KILLER! YUH MUST  
BE THINKIN' OF  
BUCK OBERON!

I'D HOPED  
TO CONVINCE  
YOU, CARTER.  
BUCK IS  
FIGHTING A  
ONE-MAN  
BATTLE AGAINST  
PREJUDICE AND HATE.  
HE NEEDS  
FRIENDS!

LESS'N TEN HOURS  
AGO BUCK OBERON  
SHOT ONE OF MY  
COWHANDS AND  
RODE OFF WITH  
THREE HUNDRED  
OF MY PRIZE  
STEERS!

I'M GOING TO TELL DAD.  
THEN HE WON'T THINK  
SO HIGHLY OF SLIM  
SALLOW!

COME  
ALONG,  
CHITO!



IMPOSSIBLE, SIR! I'VE BEEN  
WITH BUCK OBERON FOR  
THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR  
HOURS. HE WAS NEVER  
OUT OF MY SIGHT!

HUH! RECKON  
I'VE GOT TO  
CONVINCE YOU,  
HOLT. RIDE OUT  
TO MY WEST BASIN  
WITH ME!



FAR AHEAD OF THE IRATE OLD RANCH  
OWNER, SLIM SALLOW GIG-REINS HIS  
HORSE TO A HALT---

HOW'D  
IT GO?

WE GOT 'EM ALL, ROSS.  
HAD TO NICK ONE OF  
CARSON'S HANDS, BUT IT  
WON'T BE FATAL!





# TIM HOLT

IF THIS DOESN'T PROVE TO OLD CARTER THAT OBERON IS A KILLER AND AN OUTLAW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL! HE'LL SEE THE GOVERNOR, AN' HAVE THE WORD GO OUT TO BRING BUCK IN DEAD OR ALIVE!



SOME MILES AWAY, TIM LISTENS TO AN INCREDIBLE STORY—

IT WAS BUCK, ALL RIGHT. I'D KNOW THAT RIG OF HIS ANYWHERE!

IT COULDN'T BE! HE NEVER LEFT MY SIGHT. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE STOLEN HIS CLOTHES!



YUH'RE SIDIN' WITH AN OUTLAW, HOLT! A BADMAN! HE OUGHT TO BE STRUNG UP!

I SAY YOU'RE WRONG, SIR. I AIM TO PROVE IT! RIDE OVER TO BUCK'S PLACE WITH ME NOW!



SOME HOURS LATER—

THERE'S OBERON'S SPREAD NOW...

EES SURE BET SOMEWAN EES GOING EEN THERE. YOU SEE HEEM?



LOOK FOR YOURSELF, CARTER! HE'S PUTTING THE STOLEN CLOTHES BACK!!

WHAT THE—?



YUH WON'T BLAB ABOUT THIS—!

FORGET YOUR GUN, HOMBRE!



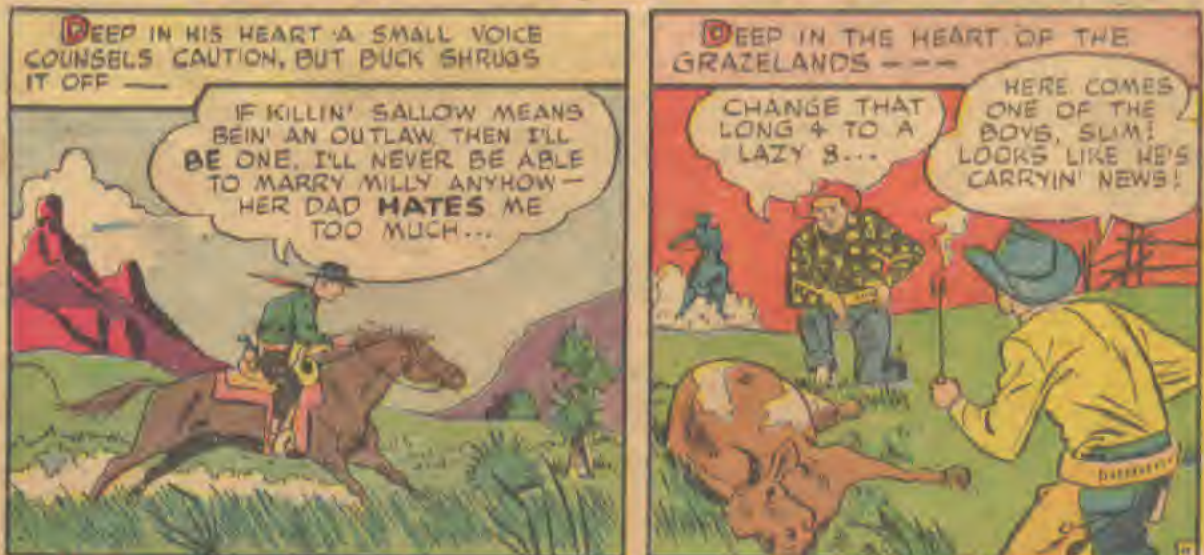
THINGS ARE GOING TO BE PLENTY HOT FOR YOU WITHOUT MAKING THEM ANY MORE SO!

YEEEOOWW!





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

HOLT JUST CAUGHT VIC MORRISON IN OBERON'S PLACE, PUTTIN' BACK THE STOLEN CLOTHES. AND AMOS CARTER WAS WITH HOLT!

WHAAAT? THAT MEANS CARTER'S ON TO ME!

NEVER MIND THEM BRANDS NOW! WE GOT WORK TO DO. RECKON MY ONLY WAY OUT IS TO KILL CARTER AN' HOLT- AN' PUT THE BLAME ON OBERON. THAT WAY- MILLY WILL MARRY ME SURE!

HERE THEY COME NOW. OUT WITH YORE GUNS, BOYS. THERE'S A BONUS FOR EVERY MAN THAT DOWNS ONE OF THEM!



A FUSILLADE OF RIFLESHOTS THUNDERS FROM CANYON WALL TO FLATS! A MAN'S DEATH-SCREAM SHRILLS IN THE CLEAR AIR!



IT'S SALLOW AND HIS GUNMEN! TAKE COVER, CHITO!

EES FONNY THING, BUT I AM ALREADY HAVE THOUGHT OF EET!

IT'S SALLOW, ALL RIGHT. AN' HE SHOT ME DOWN. OHHH... MY ARM!

HE HAS HIS WHOLE RANCH UP THERE SHOOTING AT US. LOOKS LIKE THE END, CHITO!

AND SINCE IT LOOKS SO BAD FOR US, I RECKON MISTER SALLOW WON'T BE EXPECTING A FLANK ATTACK... KEEP THEM BUSY, CHITO!

EES ALMOST AS MOCH PLEASURABLE AS KEECKING THEE "SHERIFF" BEN HEES FACE!





# TIM HOLT





TIM HOLT

# WESTERN RANGE BOOK



## CONESTOGA WAGON...

MORE POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE "COVERED WAGON," THEY TRUNDLED IN LONG LINES ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, BRINGING SETTLERS AND THEIR FAMILIES IN THE 1800'S. WHEN ATTACKED BY INDIANS, THE WAGONS WERE DRIVEN INTO A BIG CIRCLE FOR BETTER DEFENSE.

## PULLING BOG...

A CHORE OF THE COWBOY FACED WITH A STEER IN A BED OF QUICKSAND, WITH LARIAT AND COW HORSE, HE SOON BROUGHT THE INDIGNANT STEER TO SAFETY—AND WAS USUALLY REWARDED WITH AN ATTACK OF LONG HORNS!





TIM HOLT

# The CALICO KID

IN THE SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER THE FABULOUS GOLD RUSH OF 1849, CALIFORNIA BECAME THE FASTEST GROWING STATE IN THE UNION... BUT IN PLACES LIKE **SAN CANYON**, THERE WAS **PEACE**... AH, YES, THERE WAS NOTHING QUITE LIKE THE **PEACE** IN THE SLEEPLESS LITTLE TOWN OF **SAN CANYON**...



LOOKS LIKE HE AIN'T FIXIN' TO OPEN THAT BOLTED DOOR! BLAST THE LOCK, JED!

NO WRECK SHOP! UNWORTHY SING SONG SURRENDERS FOR **UNKNOWN CRIME!**

AND WITHIN THE LAUNDRY, A LITTLE NIGHT-GOWNED CREATURE CRINGES ON THE FLOOR.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO DO A LITTLE CLARIFYING FOR YOU, CHINA BOY!



TH' TOWN MARSHAL WAS JUST FOUND IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE... **WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BACK!**

AN' TH LAST THING THE MARSHAL MUMBLES IS **"GET SING SONG!"** RECKON THAT GIVES US A PRETTY POWERFUL CASE, BOY!



MIGHT JIST AS WELL SING THIS SHACK. AIN'T HAD A GOOD FIRE 'ROUND HERE IN QUITE A SPELL!

ENOUGH TALKING, MEN! GIT HIM DOWN PAST TH' STABLES TO THAT **HANGIN' TREE!**



MEANWHILE, AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, A TRADE WAGON RUMBLES TOWARD THE MARCHING MOB.

WHOA UP, EBONY! LOOKS LIKE **SAN CANYON'S** STIRRING KINDA EARLY THIS MORNING!





# TIM HOLT

WAL, IF IT AINT **THE CALICO KID!** YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE A ROPIN', SONNY!

NOPE, NOT ME... HAVEN'T MUCH STOMACH FOR THAT SORTA SPORT, CHARLEY! WHO'S BEIN' STRUNG UP?

THIS CHINEE THET STABBED THE MARSHAL! MARSHAL HIMSELF SAID 'GET SING SONG,' AFORE HE DIED... AND BROTHER, WE SURE GOT 'IM!

KIND OF RUSHIN' THINGS A BIT, AREN'T YOU? A MAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO A COURT TRIAL!

WE GAVE 'IM A TRIAL ALL RIGHT, A TRIAL FITTIN'! FOR A COFFIN! HAW! ARE YOU COMIN' OR AIN'TCHA, CALICO?

NO, THANKS, CHARLEY! GOT TO UNLOAD MY WARES OVER AT THE STABLES!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE STABLE, THE CALICO KID UNDERGOES A SUDDEN CHANGE OF ATTITUDE....

MAYBE I'LL JUST TAKE UP THE BOYS ON THEIR INVITE AT THAT... BUT **NOT** AS THE CALICO KID!

CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THAT 'CURTAIN' EBONY! WE'RE GOIN' TO RIDE HERD ON SOME HOtheadED HANGMEN!

HUP! STEADY BOY..!

COME ON, GIT TH' ROPE ACROSS THAT LIMB!

AI! PLEASE SPARE PALE PERSON FROM PAINFUL NECK PROCEDURE!



# TIM HOLT









# TIM HOLT

MINUTES LATER, IN THE LOBBY OF THE SAN CANYON HOTEL...

AH, CHECKIN' OUT SO SOON, MISTER **SANSONE**?

YEP, RIGHT AFTER YOU RUSTLE ME UP SOME BREAKFAST! HEAR TELL THEY GOT THE KILLER OF YOUR TOWN MARSHAL DURIN' TH' NIGHT!



THERE ISN'T ANY KILLER, MISTER!! CAUSE TH' MARSHAL ISN'T DEAD!! THE DOC FIXED HIM UP PRETTY GOOD AND SENT HIM **HOME** TO REST UP!

HUH?

WAL, I DECLARE!



OH... ABOUT BREAKFAST, SIR! WE HAVE BACON OR SAUSAGES AND...

ER—SKIP TH' VITTLES, I'M FIGURIN' ON TAKIN' A BREATH O' MORNING AIR, FIRST!



LOOKS LIKE MY "NEWS" SORTA UPSET **SANSONE'S** BREAKFAST! RECKON I'LL RIDE ALONG FOR A "BREATH OF AIR" MYSELF!



HE'S CUTTIN' OFF TH' MAIN ROAD... AN TH ONLY PLACE OF INTEREST ALONG THAT TRAIL IS TH' MARSHAL'S PLACE!



AND...

WHOA UP EBONY! THAT TOAD TOOK NO TIME AT ALL GETTIN' INTO THE MARSHAL'S HOUSE FOR ANOTHER **STAB** AT MURDER!!

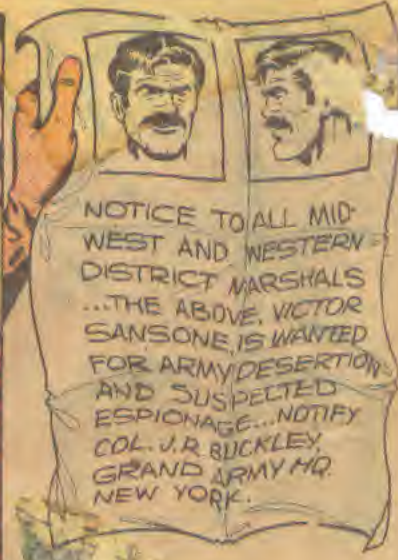


GUESS YOU CAN DROP THAT PIG-STICKER AND COME ON DOWN, **SANSONE**! YOU WON'T FIND ANYBODY HERE BESIDES **ME...** AND I'VE ABOUT SEEN ENOUGH!





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

RECKON THE MARSHAL MUST'VE HAD YOU PEGGED WHEN YOU **KNIFED** HIM, SANSONE! ... BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO BE A TRIFLE TROUBLESOME TURNING YOU IN, SINCE I'M WANTED BY A SAN CANYON MOB MYSELF!



THAT CHINEE AN HIS FRIEND SHORE FIXED US PROPER... PRANCING ALL OVER TH' COUNTRY AFTER A **TORCH-TOTING NAG!!**

SPEAKING OF THE DEVIL...! SANSONE, I'M JUST GOIN' TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU **BEHIND!**



HEY, JED, TAKE A LOOK OVER THERE!

IT'S THAT STRANGER AN' TH' CHINEE. **"COME ON!"**

EBONY! WE'RE GOIN' TO REALLY HAVE TO **RIDE!**

**HUP! BOY!**



WE GOT ANNY ASIN? WAL, AT LEAST WE GOT THAT ORNERY ORIENTAL!

HUH! THIS AIN'T SING SONG...! SEEMS TO BE SOME HOMBRE NAMED **SANSONE!**



LATER, BACK IN SAN CANYON.

ARLEY! HEAR YE! YOU'RE AIMIN' TO HAVE ANOTHER HANGIN' ROUND HERE! SOME FELLER NAMED **SANSONE!**

THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE "HANGINGS" WITHOUT A FAIR TRAIL IN SAN CANYON! IF IT WASN'T FOR THET STRANGER WE MIGHT'VE MADE A BAD MISTAKE WITH THAT BOY, **SING SONG!**

IF YOU SEE SING SONG, TELL HIM TH' FOLKS ARE AIMIN' TO REBUILD HIS **BLIND LINDRY.**

I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM FOR YOU.

AND THIS LIE'S EYES SHALL SEARCH FOR MYSTERIOUS **STRANGER!**



THE END



TIM HOLT

# MARSHAL of DEATH TOWN

## A Flip Carson Storiette

THE little frontier town of Hackamore had another name. The men who rode the herds up from Texas and New Mexico called it the Death Town. Of the last three sheriffs and four town marshals who had attempted to keep the law, six were buried in Boot Hill, behind the blacksmith shop at the far end of town. The seventh man lay at the bottom of an inaccessible canyon, shot in the back with a Winchester .44-40.

Federal Marshal Flip Carson thought of those seven men as he sat the kak of his Cheyenne saddle, his white gelding pacing slowly down the main street of Hackamore. His orders were clear enough. They were to "find out who's behind the killings, get him, then come back in time to take another case!" That was how the Chief Marshal had put it, from behind his mahogany desk in the Territorial Capitol.

Flip sighed and swung off the gelding. It was easy for the Chief to say that, but here amid the false fronts and the yellowed, sun-tracked buildings of the trail town, trying to do it was like butting against a blank stone wall.

His feet were scarcely in the dust in front of the Hackamore saloon before he felt the bullet sing past his cheek, and the report of the shot was drumming in his ears.

Flip whirled, his right hand streaking to the walnut butt of his Colt. A puff of gunsmoke clung to the air around the corner of the general store across the way. Gun in hand, Flip ran forward. He caught sight of a man racing toward a ground-reined horse, and snapped a shot at him. Then the man was on the horse and spurring.

Flip sighted carefully, but the horse was dipping and rising on the rolling ground west of the town. He fired twice, but missed.

Looking down, he saw a torn strip of blue flannel, with a button still attached, and caught in the wagonhole. Flip grinned wryly. "Caught some of his shirt, an' . . ."

He picked up the button and put it in his pocket.

After eating at the single restaurant that Hackamore boasted, Flip went across to the livery stable where he traded a Wheeling stogie for information.

"Well," said the liveryman, puffing in satisfaction at the cigar. "don't rightly know what to tell yuh. Seems that Clem Markhans an' Boss Creeson have been battlin' over who was goin' to be bossman of this range, an'

Creeson won. Him an' his boys gunned down Markhans 'bout six months ago. Since then, they've been ridin' high, wide an' handsome. Seems Boss don't hanker none to have a lawman in town, neither."

The liveryman caught Flip by the sleeve. His face looked worried. "Don't yuh go tell anybody who told yuh all that."

Flip smiled. "If I go the way of the other sheriffs and marshals, I won't have time to tell anyone."

The liveryman nodded, turning away. He said, "Yep, that's just about how I figger it!"

Flip made a wry face. So they were marking him off for dead, already! Ringering the torn strip of shirting with the button still attached, he went down the board walk. Passing a saloon and a general store, he turned in at a small house with a sign reading SEAM-  
STRESS pasted in a window.

A short, elderly woman answered his knock. He looked down at the torn strip in his hand, as Flip asked, "Excuse me, ma'am—but did you ever see a shirt like this before?"

Cheeks pale, the woman opened the door. She whispered, "Come in, come in. Don't stand out there where anybody can see us!"

With the door securely bolted, the woman caught at the strip and examined it. She said hurriedly, "We have to be so careful! Boss Creeson practically owns this town! He has everyone afraid of him. Him an' . . . let me see. Most of the cowhands an' menfolk in town bring me their shirts to be fixed. Yes . . . I remember this. It's off one of Vic Anderson's shirts. He's Creeson's foreman."

Flip took the shirt-piece from her and put it in his pocket. "Much obliged, ma'am. I reckon things will start to be different from now on!"

The bright lights of the Sporthorn Saloon glowed on two tables and a long mahogany bar. On the improvised stage at the far end of the room a girl was singing *My Old Kentucky Home*. Grouped at the bar and around the tables were cowboys and freighters, with a stagecoach driver or two mixed in.

Flip Carson pushed open the batwing doors and stepped aside. He ran his eyes from table to table. His gaze settled on a dark-browed man in a tight shirt. Flip moved forward. The overhead lights caught at his badge and made it glisten.

The man in the tight shirt glanced up; swore and moved his right hand. Flip did not pause in his stride, but his right hand fell and lifted, and he held a .45 calibre Colt "Peace-



## TIM HOLT

maker" in his hand. The light reflected from its blood finish.

"On your feet, hombre," said Flip coldly. "You missed your potshot at me. Now it's my turn!"

A man swore softly in the sudden silence. The clatter of a chuck-a-luck box rattled loudly. The man in the tight shirt pushed back his chair, grinning. He said loudly, "Yuh'll never hold me, marshal. I'll be out before dawn."

"You'll stand trial at the Capitol, Anderson! Now — move!"

They went through a lane of men and women that opened in front of the bowling doors. Flip knew a bullet might dig into his back at any moment, and his spine was cold and tingly. But he moved as surely as if he were walking alone on the cactus-dotted prairie.

They crossed the street and went into the jail. Flip unlocked the cell door and shoved his man through. Swinging the shellbelt he had taken from Anderson, he went into the front room and hung it on the wall.

Then he waited. Soon there was the sound of hoofbeats drumming away southward. Boss Creeson and his Dotted Hat ranch lay twenty miles south of Hackamore.

They came into town around midnight. From his bunk in the cell, the man could hear them, cursing and laughing softly. He arose and went to the barred window and looked out.

There was a full moon. By its light, and by the gleam of the kerosene lamps in the Hackamore Saloon and the Shorthorn Saloon, he counted them. There were eight of them, all with revolvers on their hips, their shellbelts heavy at their waists, lead by a man whose broad shoulders were wide in a black alpaca coat. They swung off their horses and walked toward the jail.

The man in the cell grinned and went to his cot and lay there, waiting.

Outside the small town jail and sheriff's office, the eight men paused. Boss Creeson growled low in his throat and moved his gunbelt around so that his Colt was ready to his hand. He said, "There's a light on in the office. That'll be that new marshal lyin' there, sleepin'. One of yuh boys get him!"

A man detached himself from the little group and went forward to the window. He lifted the gun from its holster and took careful aim. His finger tightened on the trigger and the gun bucked and roared. The figure of the man sleeping on the cot jerked once, and was still.

The man with the smoking revolver laughed coldly and waved an arm. At the dead run, the eight men went toward the door. They ran into the small, brightly lighted office, not even glancing at the figure lying on the little cot.

Only Boss Creeson said, with a cruel laugh, "Reckon they'll have to send a new man down from the Capitol. But we got plenty of bullets. We'll take care of them, long as they send 'em!"

The others laughed agreement, and then they were out of the office into the back room that fronted the jail cells. In the indistinct light, they could see the man in the cell stretched out on the cot. Only now a dirty rag covered his mouth, and ropes were at ankles and wrists. His wrists were under his back.

Creeson roared gaily, "We got him for yuh, Vic. Now we'll have yuh out of there pronto!"

One of the men said, "But yuh shore got to stand us to drinks for all this trouble!"

A man put his sixgun to the cell lock and pulled the trigger. The sound was deafening in the small room. Boss Creeson yanked open the door and went in, followed by the others.

Creeson said, "He roped yuh up like a galled steer!"

The man on the cot growled, "I'm galled all right — but I'm not roped!"

Twisting aside, moving off the cot, Flip Carson spat out the gag from his mouth and lifted his hands from under his back. In his hands he had two sixguns. He was big in the cramped clothes that Vic Anderson had worn, and he bulked grim and foreboding in the dimly lighted cell.

Creeson gulped in amazement. "Yuh — yuh ain't Anderson!"

"That was Anderson back in the office. Reckon you shot him, eh? Get 'em up, boys — the law has come to Hackamore to stay!"

Creeson cursed and moved his gunband. Flip triggered his gun, and Creeson folded and slid toward the floor. "You others — up with 'em!"

Astonishment had kept them motionless, but now the remaining seven moved. Their hands swung down and lifted. Colts came up.

But Marshal Flip Carson laughed grimly, "You asked for this, you cold-blooded murderers!" and then his guns were leaping and flaming in his hands, and men were going down, dropping in front of him, firing at floor or ceiling as they fell. The bitter smell of burning powder filled the room.

When he stopped firing, eight men lay on the floor. Flip stepped across them and to the cell door. He looked down and blistered his guns. He said, "I'll have the doc come over an' see if there are any of you that can be saved for a rope."

Then he went out into the street where people were staring and looking. He took a deep breath and headed down street. When a man looked at him curiously, Flip said, "Peace has come to Hackamore to stay, gentlemen. Peace has come to stay!"

The End.



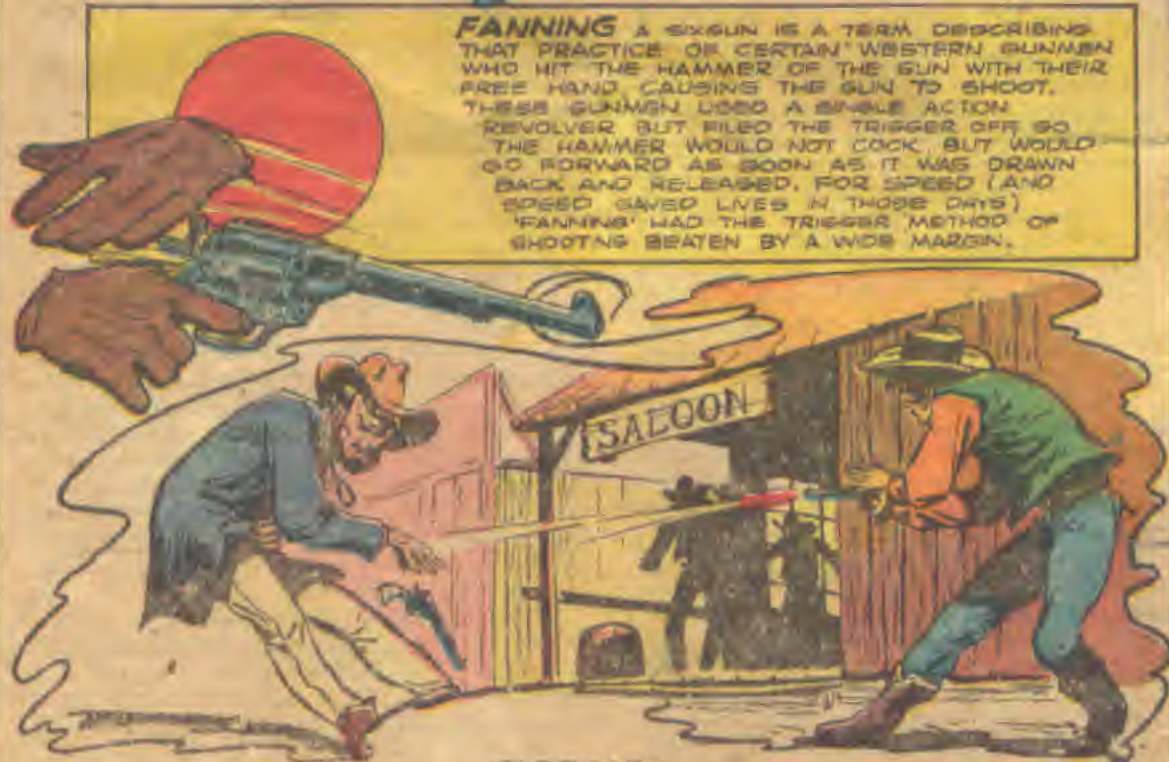
TIM HOLT

# WESTERN RANGE BOOK



## THE RATTLESNAKE...

IS THE DEADLY TERROR OF THE SOUTHWEST. ITS TAIL ENDS IN LOOSE, HORNY RINGS, WHICH, WHEN SHAKEN, GIVE OFF A DRY, RATTLEY SOUND. THE RATTLE SHAKES HIS RATTLES WHEN ANGRY OR AFRAID.



**FANNING** A SIXGUN IS A TERM DESCRIBING THAT PRACTICE OF CERTAIN WESTERN GUNMEN WHO HIT THE HAMMER OF THE GUN WITH THEIR FREE HAND CAUSING THE GUN TO SHOOT. THESE GUNMEN USED A SINGLE ACTION REVOLVER BUT PILED THE TRIGGER OFF SO THE HAMMER WOULD NOT COCK, BUT WOULD GO FORWARD AS SOON AS IT WAS DRAWN BACK AND RELEASED, FOR SPEED (AND SPEED SAVED LIVES IN THOSE DAYS) 'FANNING' HAD THE TRIGGER METHOD OF SHOOTING BEATEN BY A WIDE MARGIN.

## GLOSSARY

**MESA...** A HIGH, FLAT TABLELAND

**GRAMA...** A TYPE OF GRASS

**LOCO...** CRAZY

**REMUDA...**

HORSES USED DURING ROUNDUP

**SIDEWINDER...**

A SNAKE, MEMBER OF RATTLE FAMILY



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT



**RED RORY** WAS THE KING OF THE OUTLAWS. HE HELD COURT IN THE DESERT TOWN OF HOLDUP. HERE HE RULED WITH FIST AND GUN, A TYRANT IN A TOWN WHERE ONLY OWLHOOTS LIVED. BUT RED RORY WAS AMBITIOUS. HE WANTED MORE THAN KINGSHIP. HE WANTED — **REVENGE!**

**TO** GET HIS REVENGE, RED RORY WAS READY TO CAPTURE AN ENTIRE COMMUNITY — TOWARD WHICH TIM HOLT AND CHITO WERE RIDING, UNAWARE THAT DEATH THREATENED FROM — **"THE STOLEN TOWN"**

ONLY THE ROARING VOICE OF RED RORY IS HEARD IN THE EMPTY STREETS OF HOLDUP...

"WE CAN DO IT,  
I TELL YUH!"

"I'VE ROUNDED UP ALL TH' OUTLAWS IN THESE PARTS. WE GOT ENOUGH MEN TO RIDE INTO SUNUP AN' TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWN WITHOUT LOSIN' A MAN!"





# TIM HOLT



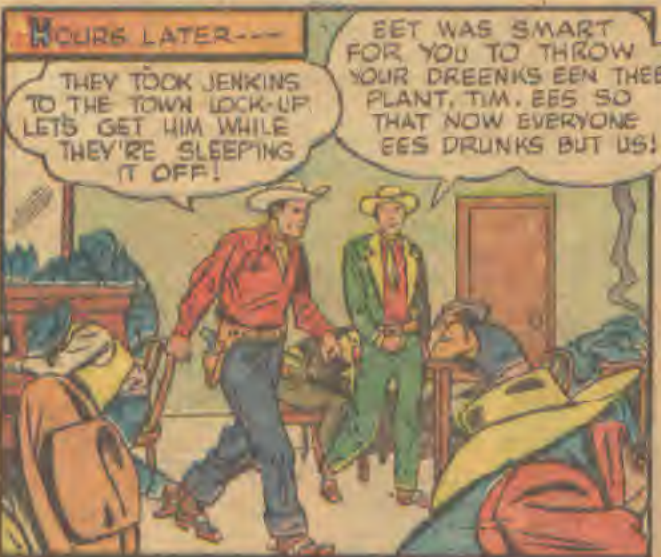


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



IGNORING HOT LEAD BLASTING ALL ABOUT HIM, TIM LURCHES FOR THE WINDOW, DRAGGING CHITO WITH HIM!

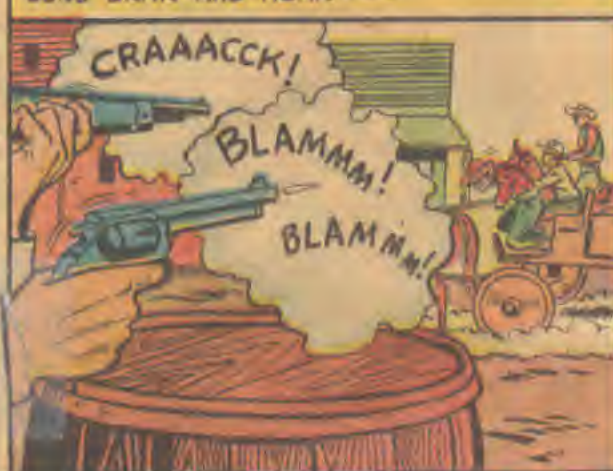
CRAAAAASSH!





# TIM HOLT

AS THE GOLD SHIPMENT WAGONS TRUNDLE INTO SUNUP'S DUSTY MAIN STREET, HIDDEN GUNS BARK AND ROAR ---



MAKE EACH SHOT COUNT, CHITO!

EEES GOOD IDEA, TIM- EFF WE WANT TO STAY ALIVE! AN' CHITO SURE DO!



THROUGH A FUSILLADE OF HOT LEAD, TIM GUIDES THE LEAD HORSES THROUGH TOWN AT FULL GALLOP!

THEN, ECHOING IN THE HOOFBEATS OF HIS HORSE, THUNDER THE POUNDING HOOVES OF OTHER HORSES...

THAT GIRL OF JENKINS' HAS FETCHED HELP FROM COPPERVILLE! LET'S VAMOSE! BUT WHEN WE GO - WE TAKE JENKINS WITH US!

GOT TO HURRY THE WAGONS UP BEFORE THOSE OWLHOOTS GUN DOWN EVERY MAN...!

IT'S RIGHT AHEAD! YOU CAN HEAR THEM SHOOTING FROM HERE!



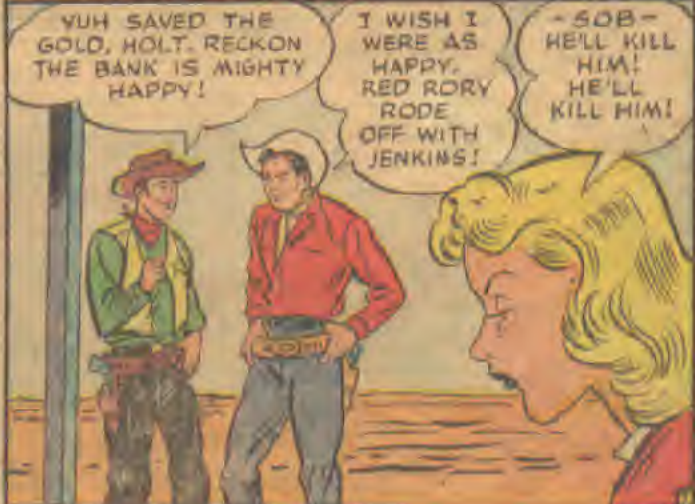
IT'S GOIN' TO BE A PLEASURE TO SEE YUH DIE, JENKINS - SLOW BUT SURE... AFTER MY BOYS TRY A FEW INJUN TRICKS ON YUH...!

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, IN SUNUP -

YUH SAVED THE GOLD, HOLT. RECKON THE BANK IS MIGHTY HAPPY!

I WISH I WERE AS HAPPY. RED RORY RODE OFF WITH JENKINS!

- SOB - HE'LL KILL HIM! HE'LL KILL HIM!





# TIM HOLT

THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THAT WE CAN REACH HOLDUP BEFORE RORY, CHITO! IF WE TRAVEL LIGHT AND FAST, WE MAY DO IT!

WE BETTER DO EET-EEF WE WANT TO SAVE JENKINS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE OUTLAW TOWN —

GIT IN THAR, JENKINS! YUH GONNA GET TH' RED RORY TREATMENT...!



RUN FOR IT DUB! I'M ABOUT TO GIVE THESE SIDEWINDERS A TASTE OF A LITTLE TRAP I RIGGED UP!

I COVER YOU, DUB!

WHAT THE-?

TIM SWINGS HIS WEIGHT ON THE TAUT LARIAT! THE PILED-UP BRANCHES THAT FORM A TEMPORARY CEILING COME FREE — AND DELUGE THE OUTLAWS WITH THE PIERCING THORNS OF THE PRICKLY PEAR CACTUS!



OWWW!

GNNYAAA!

YEEEAHH!

MARSHAL DUB JENKINS LIFTS CHITO'S COLT AND WHIRLS, JUST AS RED RORY THROWS DOWN ON HIM...

CHARGE THROUGH THEM!

IT'S A PLEASURE!



COME TAKE ME IF YUH WANT ME, RORY!

GNNNGG...



RECKON IT WAS A GOOD THING RORY CAPTURED ME, TIM. I'M A-COMIN' BACK WITH SOME POSSE MEN, AND CLEAN UP THIS TOWN — THEN BURN IT DOWN! HOLDUP WILL BE ABOUT AS BAD AS A BABY KITTEN FROM NOW ON...!



THE END.



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Tim Holt and Lightning